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A GREAT CUT IN PRICES

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The Lowest in the City.

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SEVERAL CASES LADIES' STRAW HATS
Black, White and Fancy, Latest Shapes.

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A Blend of the Choicest Growths of India, China and Ceylon.
DRINK NO OTHER! IT IS THE PRINCE OF TEA.
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The finest trip of the season for health and comfort.
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Restores the color, beauty and softness to grey hair and is

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AT MODERATE RATES. A COUNTRY RESORT WITH THE

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Beneficial to all, make it the desirable summer resort.
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NEW AND SECOND HAND, from $25 to $125. E. C. HILL, 191 Brock st. Open Tuesday Thursday and Saturday evenings.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE BRITISH WHIG is published every morning, at 232 King Street, Kingston, Ontario, at SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For four lines, one or two insertions	$0 50
For four lines, each subsequent insertion	25
Over four lines, first insertion	10c per line
Each subsequent consecutive insertion	5c "
Once a week, subsequent insertions	10c "
Twice a week, subsequent insertions	8c "
Three a week, subsequent insertions	6c "

Twelve lines to the inch.
Advertisements measured by a scale of nonpareil.
Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 50c. each, unless when "booked," when $1 is charged.
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All charges for advertising, subscriptions and job printing are payable in advance. This must be distinctly understood.
Officers of unincorporated Associations or Societies will be held personally responsible for all orders they give.
Attached to the paper is one of the best Job offices in Canada; rapid, stylish and cheap work; eight improved printing presses.

The WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG, 8 pages, 56 columns, is published every Thursday morning at $1 a year, positively in advance, otherwise $1.50 will be charged.
EDW. J. B. PENSE, Proprietor.

CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
SAILING from New York every Saturday. Authorized Agent, F. A. Folger, Ferry Dock, foot of Brock St., Kingston.

THE DAILY WHIG.

"Opifex per Orbem Dicor."

NEWSPAPER OPINIONS.

The transference of Mr. Farrer's labors from the *Mail* to the *Globe* gives some people a chance to talk about what editors should and should not do. We are informed by one journal—conservative of course, and annoyed that the leading liberal organ is to have as its chief editor the most brilliant writer in Canada that "there is something revolting in the notion that a writer is one ready to sell his pen to the highest bidder, as if he were a carter on the street, and if it comes to be understood that the opinions once read are not the outcome of conviction, but are manufactured to order like a pair of shoes, what weight will newspaper opinions have? "It is not good philosophy. The impersonality of the editor is preached, apparently, in some quarters to no purpose. It is not a question of what an individual may say so much as what the paper with which he is identified may say. Most attempts to give the stamp of individuality to newspaper articles have failed, and so the average editor has become, as a contemporary puts it, as a mere constructor of articles, embodying opinions in accord with the policy of the paper, whose staff he leads. The freer he is from party entanglements the better able he is to deal candidly with an issue and to carry conviction with his thoughts. Mr. Farrer has been an editor simply (and not a politician) in his later years, and no one will say that he has not written powerfully or effectively. It was the *Mail* that spoke his sentiments, and it was the *Mail* that was quoted in dealing with them. It will be the *Globe* that speaks in future when he writes, and we congratulate the paper on securing one who is without a peer in his profession in this country. He can afford to ignore some of the ill-natured criticism to which he is subjected, knowing its origin and the jealousy and prejudice which suggest it. What he writes is always interesting and always readable, and in this respect he differs from the contemporaries who now attack him.

THE ASSEMBLY'S VOTE.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian church has been giving attention to some of the live questions of the day and dealing with them in a very lively manner. Perhaps one of the warmest debates of the week was that on the temperance report, which declared the liquor traffic unscriptural, and to which Rev. D. J. Macdonnell moved an amendment. And what remarkable statements were advanced by the delegates pro and con! It was declared that the liquor traffic in itself was not an evil, but that it led to evil; that the trade was not a wrong, but the intemperance that followed it; that the church could not make scripture, and that was what it sought to do in saying that the liquor traffic was unscriptural. On the other hand it was contended that the traffic was unscriptural and condemned by passages in Proverbs and Romans; that the demand for verse and chapter in the bible against the traffic was mere quibbling; that no moral movement had ever been started by quoting scripture, but by following the spirit of it. The speech of the assembly on this subject was made by Rev. Principal Grant, who said he could not support either the report or the amendment to it. He had ascertained from the committee that they regarded this traffic as a sin. If it was a sin he submitted that it was wrong to license a sin. If then it was a sin to license it, it was a sin to try to regulate it. "I say," continued Dr. Grant, "that it is not wrong to license the liquor business. Let us try and minimize in every way the evils arising from it. If you pass this without protest you can't stop there. The force of reason and logic will drag you to a conclusion. If it is wrong to license, if the traffic is wrong, you must put out of the church all who sell liquor. The receiver is as bad as the thief. No man will sell if there is no one to buy. You must cast out of the church all who buy." But the assembly later on voted down the amendment by a large majority, and also an amendment which aimed at striking the objectionable clause from the report. The traffic being pronounced unscriptural it remains to be seen what the Presbyterian church is going to do about it. Having taken the position that there is nothing good in liquor it will have to go further and purge the church of its contaminations. How far the purification will go cannot be conjectured, but there cannot be any temporizing with the issue. The liquor must go from the church and house and from the presence of every one who believes as he votes. The Presbyterian church has thus dealt heroically with a question that has been a source of friction for years, and how far the result will affect church relationship and church membership depends upon the interpretation put by some people upon the legislation of the church.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

The result of the appeal to the people in Quebec on Tuesday—the fact that Mr. Mercier's government has been sustained by an increased majority—does not seem to have been surprising. Mr. Mercier expected a majority of 25, and he will have it when all the returns are in and the smoke of battle has cleared away. And he expects his power and popularity to remain. Speaking to the crowd in front of *L'Electeur* office on the night succeeding the election he said: "When, if I am spared, five years hence I again seek re-election, and come before you, I will again ask your support on the same grounds, under the folds of the same flag—the *Parti National*—the party of progress, of liberal views and of intelligence." Though the remark was, we learn, received with "great cheers" it was not fully understood and the speaker was the next day asked in what sense he used the word "national." The reply was: "What do I mean by national? Simply that I, as head of a national government, neither liberal nor conservative, and been victorious. Some people seem to think that I mean to convey the idea that a national party is a French-Canadian and Catholic party as opposed to an English and Protestant party, but I can assure you this view is entirely erroneous. I am and always have been well disposed to my English fellow-citizens." And the "English fellow-citizens" seem to have been well disposed towards him since they gave his candidates a fair support and helped in their election.

The conservatives are, of course, crestfallen over the result. Their leading papers led them to believe that they would surely win, and they came out of the contest weakened and crippled and leaderless. Hon. Mr. Taillon having gone out to oppose the member of the government in Jacques Cartier and been politically slain. It is questionable if he will seek to re-enter the house through the resignation of an elect of his party. He has been for some time a discredited leader and now he is a defeated one. He will be more comfortable out of the house than in it until Mercierism wanes, if it ever does.

Curious effects of the election are the attitudes of Messrs. Clendenning and Beaugrand. Both were supposed to be opponents of the local government, and yet the Mercier party elected the one and defeated the other. Now Mr. Clendenning (successful over Ald. G. A. Stephens yclept the faithful watch dog) says he is ready to support the government in the promotion of good measures; and Mr. Beaugrand, forgetting all the better feelings engendered by his contest with Ald. Bainville, "is happy to associate himself with those who think that the interest of party should be above everything else," and closes: "Long live the liberals! Long live the liberal party!"

There may be about Mr. Mercier some things which the people may not admire, but his boldness and dash are captivating and his plan of campaign is so thorough as to warrant the confidence which he has in the issue. Hon. Mr. Chapleau as a leader of the French is weak indeed compared with Hon. Mr. Mercier, and the fact was fully demonstrated by the failure of the secretary of state to make a hit in the last election. He tried his hand in Montreal, and he lost.

MESSENGER PIGEONS.

Expected Arrival of Interesting Belgian Emigrants to Canada.

Translated from La Monde.

By the steamer Steinhoft there will reach our port, Montreal, next Saturday, a hundred Belgian emigrants. These colonists, who left Antwerp on the 6th inst., are coming to Canada to found a new family, with customs and manners of living special to themselves. Their simple habits and proverbial gentleness lead us to hope that they will receive a warm reception amongst us.

It is a Belgian, M. de Pierpont, for some time resident here, to whom occurred the happy idea of bringing from Belgium these winged travellers, I say winged, for the large family expected on Saturday is composed of 100 messenger pigeons of the best known Belgian strain.

Every one knows that in Belgium and France messenger pigeons are extremely abundant, and that from the nobleman to the poorest workman each owns a pigeon loft. The number of these birds in little Belgium alone amounts to 500,000.

Pigeon racing is enthusiastically practised, and for conveying the birds to the starting points, which are in France, the railway administration is obliged to organize special trains which carry only pigeons.

Thus in Belgium are to be seen trains, sometimes of twenty-five cars, filled with only baskets of pigeons. During the racing season there move out of Belgium weekly about 50,000 pigeons to be released in France.

The 100 birds which will arrive on Saturday and which can fly 800 miles in a day in favorable weather, are intended for the establishment of a pigeon postal service.

Cameron, the well known director of the Royal military college at Kingston, intends to bestow on Canada, especially its districts not yet reached by railways, a messenger pigeon postal system.

The birds now arriving will work over one or more of the stages.

It is to be hoped that the pigeons en route are having a favorable passage and will bear the voyage well.

VISIT OF THE PRESSMEN.

They Were Much Delighted With the Visit to the City.

It is always pleasing when entertainers and entertained are alike charmed. This was the happy disposition of the Kingston board of trade and the New York state press Thursday. The complimentary trip up was without a hitch, the dinner at the hotels excellent, the drive about the city pleasant, and the trip home on the St. Lawrence even more agreeable than their former experiences of the beautiful river. The visitors were greatly impressed with Kingston's public buildings and the number of fine churches, colleges and benevolent institutions supported for so small a city. This liberality in heart and pocket, backed by the generous reception of the visitors, won for Kingston warm admiration and friendship. The partings were most cordial. The united gathering was photographed on the steamer to provide a souvenir of the occasion, and cheers and counter cheers were exchanged. The WHIG staff were visited by many of their N.Y. confreres, and expressions of the cleanliness and completeness of Kingston newspaper offices were not uncommon. The party carried away in the WHIGS a report of the trip up, very speedily put in type.

Caught a Partridge on Her Nest.

A. B. McIntyre, Alexandria Bay, asked the members of the New York state press association and their families to be photographed in front of the Crossman house, and he succeeded in getting two very good negatives. Mr. McIntyre, by the way, is the man who twenty years ago accomplished the remarkable feat of photographing a partridge on her nest and which was done again a few days ago near Copenhagen. Rev. Mr. Rockwell found the nest in the early spring and sent for Mr. McIntyre. They then had only the slow process of photography, but they accomplished their purpose and the photographer has copies of the pictures now. He says he has sold thousands of them. At the time the editor of the *Forest and Stream* was on the river, he published it and then a London paper secured a photograph and reproduced it life size.

Congratulations Due.

The friends of David Robb, in Kingston and Pittsburg, will be pleased to hear that he has been appointed school inspector for North Huron at a salary of $1,600 per annum. Mr. Robb began teaching in S.S. 5, Amherst Island, at the age of seventeen. He taught there three years, and left to attend the military school, Kingston, from which he holds a first-class certificate. He taught the Birmingham public school thirteen years. He has been science and mathematical master of the Clinton collegiate institute for nine years, besides being a specialist in natural science and mathematics. He is a third year honor undergraduate of Toronto university. His education and success are the result of persistent study after school hours.

Surprised at the Terms.

BERLIN, June 20.—Lieut. Baron Von Gravenreuth, who was connected with Major Wissman's expedition in Africa, has written a letter to a paper, published in Augsberg, in which he says he is perfectly surprised at the terms of the Anglo-German settlement in regard to African territory, especially that part of the agreement providing for the surrender of Zanzibar to the British. He considers Zanzibar the key to Africa.

One Dog the More.

Mr. J. Broom, of St. Catharines, has presented his valuable Chesapeak dog to T. Sharman. Mr. Sharman is an expert duck shooter, and the shooting in the vicinity of Kingston will afford ample opportunity for good training for the dog, "Trip." He arrived on Tuesday by the steamer Persia.

G. M. Beecher's yacht, Carleton, brought a small raft to Brockville from Kingston yesterday en route to Morrisburg. When opposite the town she cut adrift to coal up. Meanwhile the raft drifted down the river over to the American side, and when picked up was resting against the further Sister Island. After considerable difficulty it was pulled off.

Six hundred yards new pantings arrived at the "Star Wardrobe," $2 25, or two pairs for $3. O'Brien & Howland, corner King and Princess streets.

Pitted California cherries. J. Crawford.

SHE BET AND SHE WON.

EXPERIENCE OF TWO GOTHAM GIRLS AT THE RACE TRACK.

Among Them Were Heat, a Perfidious Friend and a Disrespectful Cabman. From the Grand Stand They Saw Berry Wall's Trousers and Some Good Racing.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

This is the time of year when, finding it too sultry to do her shopping or promenading or even to stop at home in a darkened room with a palm leaf fan, the latest novel and a pitcher of claret punch, the young New York woman says to herself: "I think I will go to the races." So she puts on her most fetching frock and sets

A HOUSE RENOWNED FOR WHOOPING.

out for the apartments of her dearest woman friend. She is at once shown into the dainty bed room where her friend stands before her lace draped toilet table covered with fat pincushions and silver brushes and things, putting the powder on her saucy little nose, but stopping long enough to inform the newcomer that she is a hopeless idiot for going and that she will wish she were dead before she reaches the grand stand.

However, as the young woman persists in her infatuation the friend agrees to die with her. So she climbs into her smart gray satin coat, her maid ties the small gray suede shoe, she covertly thrusts her red velvet powder rag into her pocket and some money in her purse, and states that she is now ready to be grilled alive.

They get down one flight of stairs. "Good gracious! I've forgotten the tickets," and back she goes to the foot of the stairs and lifts up her voice for the bits of pasteboard which will give them a private box among the swells and the opera bouffe people, instead of sitting back with the "vulgar herd."

Another start. "Ye gods! how burning—I shall roast. I must have a fan." Back again, and the little woman, announcing that probably there isn't a house in town so renowned for whooping, yells up the stairs for her big black fan. Down it comes in the small hands upstretched to receive it, and once more they set out. This time it is not a false start. They board a boulevard car, for they must stop at the Grand Central depot for an imbecile female who has misunderstood directions and who has telegraphed she will meet them there at 12:30.

But she is not there. Of course not. Who ever knew a woman to be at a place at a given time? They rush through the great depot looking wildly around for an escaped female; they tackle the guards and ask if they have seen a woman in a mauve gown with a black lace hat. The men grin sheepishly and say "No," and as it is now 1 o'clock they conclude that the third woman may go to the demnition bowwows, and once more turn their faces toward the Third Avenue Elevated station. A whirl up to Harlem and then, as they descend the stairs, they are surrounded by the hack drivers, who beg and beseech for the inestimable privilege of driving them over to the station.

In a weak moment they yield to their blandishments and listen to the voice of the charmer. "A quarter apiece," says the man in shirt sleeves who assists them into the ramshackly old ark in which, they are to make their triumphal progress. "Well, why don't you start?" they ask the driver, after waiting vainly five minutes for a more.

"We want to get two more, mum."

"Never mind two more. We're in a hurry. Go on."

"Just you a half dollar apiece then," he snarls. What are they to do? Be cheated and imposed upon in this fashion? Never. Blue blood boils at the thought, and seeing a neat hansom approaching they signal it, and amid a perfect volley of yells, curses and expostulations they disdainfully leave the "barouche" and drive proudly away in the cab, vain as peacocks to think they have outwitted a hack driver.

NOT TO BE BULLIED BY A CABBY.

Crossing Harlem bridge and noting the crowd that is going up in the train, our girl's heart sinks and she decides to drive there providing the driver does not demand a week's salary for the luxury. For a wonder, doubtless because she deserted the enemy and came over to his side, he is inclined not to ask her a sum quite equal to the national debt, so presently the two are bowling along a lovely country road where the trees meet overhead and the pungent odor of the pines steals from the woods and God's own sky can be seen once more.

At last the grand, stand, gay with flags, looms up before them and alighting from the hansom they are seized by a stout darky and vigorously brushed although there isn't a speck of dust on their fresh toilets. Now up that magnificent promenade and down the stairs through a shouting crowd to their box. They may think this ovation is for them, but it isn't. A race is just finished and the scarlet jockey is clinging to the neck of his horse as he speeds him home, and a prominent comic opera star in the box next theirs is opening her mouth wider than she ever did on the stage as she sees her favorite win.

Look about! Tier after tier of faces, crowded boxes and a vast army of men down below on the turf. Handsome women, well known women, women of the masses and women of the half world. There is Rosina Vokes yonder smiling down at her husband, who stalks about with two friends, looking exceedingly happy. "I don't think Berry Wall is such a very well dressed man," says a little woman near by. "See how crumpled his trousers are," and looking down on the king of the dudes our girl honestly thinks there are hundreds of men present who are better dressed.

Look at this crowd of comedians and singers in the next box. The star who has just won wears a pink gown which is sadly unbecoming. The girl next her looks as if she had just stepped out of a kitchen and another is as dark as the queen of spades. How different from the hours of the night before, when these dazzling creatures turned the heads of half the old chappies in town. On the other side sits a handsome snowy haired, black eyed man, a well known broker, and our girl smiles wickedly as she remembers the story of one of his escapades at the seashore. The snowy haired woman with him is not his wife, but the wife of his friend.

See the gorgeous raiment of that woman yonder. Solomon in all his glory would be nothing beside her, while the best dressed woman present, as far as our girl can see, is one who wears a dove gray cloth gown and gray tulle bonnet, with a cluster of violets nestling in its fluffy folds. On her shapely breast is a knot of violets, and she daintily holds a gray silk parasol by its silver handle.

"See my racing handkerchief," says a little woman displaying a flimy affair embroidered in designs of jockey caps, whips and horseshoes. One woman has her white waistcoat embroidered in scarlet horseshoes, and she looks dreadfully horsey.

Now they go down stairs for luncheon, where again they see many types of women. There is the woman in her best black silk. She looks thoroughly uncomfortable, as she ought. There is the woman who stares. She cannot eat for staring at her neighbors. She twists her neck nearly off trying to see what the people at the next table are paying for their luncheon. She is so fearful that something will get away

WINNING HER FIRST WAGER.

that between her gobbling her bouillon in great haste so as to lose no time and her gawking about the room she is indeed a spectacle.

Here comes the opera bouffe queen. She orders the luncheon for her crowd, as she is very flush just now. There is a royal spread over yonder for the broker and his friend. A woman goes out looking very flushed in the face, and jokes with one of the waiters as she passes him. There is an interesting trio—two well known newspaper women and a bright man, a magazine writer. They are more interested in their work than in the races, and as they discuss their sherry cobblers snatches of talk about "copy," "stuff" and "publishers" float to our girl's ears.

Upstairs again for the final race. She has had a tip from a woman who can pick out the winning horse like any old tiner, and who won $700 last summer at Saratoga and who naively confesses that if she were a man she would be an out and out gambler. So our girl backs the horse from the west. She can't see very well during that last race, the dust—or something else is it?—blinds her eyes, but at last, with a great pounding of her heart, she sees the violet jockey shoot ahead and knows she is several dollars richer than when she came.

"A bird in the hand," she thinks, as she goes toward her carriage. She does not believe she will try it again, but she will. Once tasted the joys of betting cannot be foregone by a woman. As the crowd sways and pushes around her she hears one of the newspaper women say: "I really can't see why women don't become jockeys. They've tried everything but that, and I think that will be the next fad."

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

THE TEA TABLE.

Read This Down and You Will Be Well Entertained and Posted.

D. S. Wilson, Picton, has gone to Winnipeg.

There are sixty cases of measles in Wellington.

The population of St. Louis is placed at 430,000.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Fighting is a prominent feature in the Picton hotels.

The close season for bass fishing opened on the 15th inst.

One hundred boxes of cheese sold at 8¾ at Picton last week.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

The railway telegraphers will meet next year in Atlanta, Ga.

The Prince Edward orangemen will celebrate July 12th in Picton.

John Welbanks purchased a house at Deseronto from C. E. Clement for $1,500.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

J. O. Clark, Picton, exhibited last week a litter of ten or twelve fine bred St. Bernard pups.

S. D. Crandall, Athol, pulled an Alaska pea vine measuring three feet three inches in length.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

William Cunningham, farmer, Drummond, died after a week's sickness from blood poisoning.

Sir John Thompson has taken passage for England by the Parisian, which leaves Montreal next Wednesday.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Members of the Picton bicycle club will attend the annual meet of the Canadian wheelmen's association.

The decoration of graves at the Dempsey cemetery, Ameliasburg, occurred last week and was a notable event.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Rev. Dr. Griffith, Picton, will attend the International Sunday school convention to be held in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Purtell, a local preacher of Chisholm, was presented with a gold watch and chain recently by his parishioners.

Hanson's magic corn salve cures corns and bunions with three applications. In boxes 15 cents, at Wade's drug store, corner King and Brock streets.

W. T. Sharman, barber, Picton, was presented with a well bred and well trained hawk by a friend in Harriston.

Rev. J. C. Ash, Adolphustown, while in a fainting fit, fell in the Picton *Gazette* office and was badly wounded.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them they will certainly please you.

At an ordination service to be held at Perth, on the 27th inst., Rev. D. Laing, of this city, will address the people.

J. M. Campbell, Perth, has been appointed acting-assistant adjutant-general on staff of generalissimo, with the rank of colonel.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

At the meeting of the Picton council the claim of Mr. Bolger for services in connection with the water works, was referred to the finance committee.

There will be a big yield of fruit this year. Flemish beauty pears promise fair, but Clapp's favorite will be a failure. Cherries will be abundant.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is in the field as a candidate for the presidency of the Columbian exposition. The chances of his election are considered good unless Chauncey M. Dipew makes up his mind to accept the position.

The Old Story.

The enormous and constantly increasing sales of the "Athlete" and "Derby" cigarettes add another to the many proofs that a superior article is the sure road to success.

D. RITCHIE & CO., Montreal.

For dry tamarac cordwood go to Crawford's wood and coal yard, foot Queen street.

Nasal Balm at Wade's Drug Store.

BREAKING UP OPIUM DENS.

The Work Undertaken by a Female Detective in New York.

Ida Radcliffe is the nom de guerre of a young woman who has of late been making life a burden for the keepers of aristocratic opium smoking dens in New York city. Pretending that she was a victim of the pipe habit she secured access to various

IDA RADCLIFFE.

uptown "joints" and then furnished condemnatory information to the police, who raided the places and arrested the proprietors and inmates. The Radcliffe girl's doings caused a great flutter among opium devotees and the other night one of them struck her down in a hallway. She managed to escape to a police station, where protection was given her.

In the course of her career as a detective Miss Ida furnished the reporters with several romantic tales regarding herself and the reasons why she pursued so relentlessly the keepers of "pipe joints." She related the sad history of a father and brother wrecked mind and body by the habit, whom she had sworn to avenge, but the search light of inquiry when turned on her past revealed the fact that her relatives are reputable residents of Brooklyn, do not bear the name of Radcliffe and by no means approve of the life Miss Ida has been leading for some years. In a word she is not an avenging Nemesis, but a hired employe of the police department.

A FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.

She Has Saved Many a Person from a Felon's Cell.

The prisoner's friend.

That is the title which Mrs. Ernestine Schaffner, of New York city, has gained because of her six years' work on behalf of accused persons who are penniless. Every day she visits the Tombs, and once a month she goes to Sing Sing searching for cases where power and opportunity have combined in an effort to crush the weak, the unfortunate or the oppressed. Since undertaking her self imposed mission Mrs. Schaffner has become surety for hundreds of people, and only one has violated her confidence by "jumping" his bail. Nearly all the persons whose causes were advocated by her have been acquitted. Their legal expenses she has defrayed out of her own means.

MRS. SCHAFFNER.

Mrs. Schaffner is the wife of a retired merchant, and has an elegant home on West Fiftieth street, but the comforts of domesticity have in a large degree been sacrificed by her that she might devote time, intelligence and money to securing the proper ends of justice.

Mysterious Disappearance

Of Mr. Dyspepsia. It is said he was driven and is kept away by the use of Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder. Sold by all grocers.

Old Reliable Fire Companies.

Having as large per cent. of assets to liabilities as any company in Canada. Rates 10 per cent. below tariff. W. J. B. White, agent, Kingston.

Smokers.

Insist upon having the "Kicker" brand of cigars.

On Wednesday the str. Spartan collided with the barge Kinghorn, in tow of the tug Walker near Pine Tree Creek. The barge was slightly injured.

Adamant wall plaster for sale by the car load or by the bag. W. L. Jones & Son, agents.

Crawford's pitted plums, 15c.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

The Kingston & Pembroke and Canadian Pacific Railways will run three Special Colonist Excursions to the

NORTHWEST AND RETURN

ON JUNE 17TH AND 24TH AND JULY 8TH

To Deloraine and Return,	$28 00
To Gladstone and Return,	28 00
To Moosomin and Return,	28 00
To Saltcoats and Return,	28 00
To Moosejaw and Return,	30 00
To Calgary and Return,	35 00

Tickets good for 40 days. Berths free in Colonist Sleepers. Cheap return tickets from Winnipeg will also be given to those who wish to examine other lands in Manitoba and the Northwest.
This is the only route from Kingston to Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia with only one change of cars.
For full particulars apply to
B. W. LOER, Supt. F. CONWAY, Assist. Gen. Pass. Agt.

ST. CATHARINES, HAMILTON, TORONTO, KINGSTON AND MONTREAL.

THE POPULAR PASSENGER STEAMER

OCEAN,

JOHN T. TOWERS, MASTER

WILL LEAVE KINGSTON during the season of navigation, going east, every MONDAY MORNING at 8:30 for Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall, Valleyfield and Montreal. Going West, every THURSDAY at 4 a.m. for St. Catharines, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls and Buffalo.
For freight or passage apply to
JAS. SWIFT & CO., Kingston, Ont.

REMOVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS NOW REMOVED HIS STONEYARD TO PRINCESS-ST., NEAR BARRIE, where everything in CUT STONE and DRAIN PIPES will be always on hand.
large quantity of SCOTCH AMERICAN AND CANADIAN DRAIN PIPES in store.

S. J. KILPATRICK,

Princess Street Just Above Barrie Street.

CALIFORNIA RIPE PEACHES,
APRICOTS,
CHERRIES,
CHERRY PLUMS.

CARNOVSKY,

MARKET SQUARE AND PRINCESS ST.

FOR THE BEST

SODA -:- WATER

—AND—

MILK SHAKE

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CENTRAL DISPENSARY, 124 PRINCESS-ST.
Telephone No. 39.

KEEP COOL.

LINEN COATS, LUSTRE COATS, THIN UNDERWEAR, STRAW HATS, Etc.
VERY CHEAP AT

J. R. RATTENBURYS,

Opposite Windsor Hotel.

Our Surprise Soap

NO Boiling, Scalding.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

800 PIECES

NEW -:- PRINTS,

SATEENS, GINGHAMS, CHAMBRAYS,

SEERSUCKERS

—AT—

WALSH & STEACY'S.

BUY THE D. & A. CORSET.

TRAVELLING.

CUNARD LINE.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL
(CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.)

The largest, fastest and most magnificent ships in the world; have never lost a passenger and have made the fastest passages on record. Oldest line in existence.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE

SERVIA	June 14, 2 p.m.
GALLIA	June 18, 6:30 a.m.
*ETRURIA	June 21, 8 a.m.
AURANIA	June 28, 1 p.m.
ROTONIA	July 2, 5 a.m.
*UMBRIA	July 5, 7:30 a.m.
SERVIA	July 12, 2 p.m.
GALLIA	July 16, 5 a.m.

*Will not carry steerage.

RATES OF PASSAGE:
Cabin passage $60 and upwards, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage $35, and $40. From Pier 40, N.R., New York.
Steerage at very low rates. Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.
For freight and passage apply at Company's Office, No. 4, Bowling Green, New York.
VERNON H. BROWN & CO.,
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ALLAN LINE.

SUMMER -:- ARRANGEMENT.

LIVERPOOL AND QUEBEC SERVICE.
SAILINGS.

	From Montreal.	From Quebec
SARDINIAN,	June 11,	June 12.
POLYNESIAN,	June 18,	June 19.
PARISIAN,	June 25,	June 26

Rates of Passage, Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool:
Rates by S.S. Parisian $60, $70, $80 single; $45 $50, $60 single; $95, $100, $105 return.
NOTE—The rate by SS. Sardinian on 11th June voyage will be the same as quoted by SS. Parisian.
Cabin rates from $30 to $50; return, $100 to $150. Intermediate, $30; return, $60. Steerage $20; return, $40.
Passengers wishing to embark at Montreal will leave Kingston by Tuesday afternoon Express and go on board any time after eight o'clock same evening.
Passengers wishing to embark at Quebec will leave Kingston by Wednesday afternoon's Express and go on board Thursday morning.
Passengers wishing to proceed by steamer from Kingston leave at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, if they wish to embark at Montreal, or on Wednesday if they embark at Quebec.
All information regarding the selection of berths can be obtained from
THOMAS HANLEY, Ticket Agent G.T.R., City Station.
J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Ticket Agent, 42 Clarence St

K.&P. and C.P.R.

New, Direct, Shortest, Quickest, Cheapest and Best Equipped All Rail Route to Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia Points.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Between Kingston, Peterboro, Toronto, St. Thomas, London, Owen Sound, Sault Ste. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis; Duluth, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and all points in the United States.
☞ TRY IT ONCE AND YOU WILL TAKE NO OTHER.
New and elegant cars run on all Express Trains.
No. 1 Express leaves Kingston at 12:40 p.m.; arrives Toronto 8:20 p.m.; Ottawa 5:45 p.m.; Montreal, 7:55 p.m.; Quebec, 6:30 a.m.; Renfrew, 5:10 p.m.
No. 4 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:00 a.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake 9:45 a.m. and Renfrew 2:45 p.m., connecting with S.O.S. train for Sault Ste. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth.
No. 3 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:15 p.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake at 7:10 p.m.; Thursdays.
No. 7 Express leaves Kingston at 11:20 p.m., connecting with C.P.R. Night Express Trains at Sharbot Lake for all points east and west. Arrives Ottawa 6:25 a.m.; Montreal 8 a.m.; Quebec, 2:30 p.m.; Toronto, 7:25 a.m.
The only through service to the Northwest and British Columbia with only one change of cars. No customs troubles.
F. CONWAY, Ass't. Gen. Pass. Agent. R. W. POLGER, Supt.
J. H. TAYLOR, Asst. Supt.

KINGSTON, NAPANE